

2.

Love without Lucke, Or The Maidens Misfortune

To the Tunc of the new Celebrand.



In the sweet temperate Ayre
of a May Morning,
When Ver and Flora faire
had bene adorning
The lovely fields and Meades,
Valleyes and Mountaines,
Chering the bubbling Brooks
and streaming Fountaines:
When Younglings sport and play,
(Etius's Holyday)
As I walkt on the way
for recreation,
Where each Lad with his Lasse,
Heavily trip on the grasse,
As they the Meadows passe,
in lovely fashion.

Now Groves and Coples
loved Echoes are ringing,
The Parus, Robin, and
sorely Larkes singing,
Phylamel chaunts her notes
Jugg, Jugg, most sweetly,
And the faire Bird of May
Coo-koo discreetly,
Each Bird do chirp and sing,
To welcome in the Spring,
With charefull solacing,
and fragrant Flowers
All lovely to the eye,
Smelling most curiously,
In choise varieties
for Ladies Mewers.

Stingling my selfe alone
for my contenting,
I heard a Beantious One
sadly lamenting,
Teares dotane her lovely cheekes
from eyes distilling,
Sighing; and curs the Time,
ere she so willing
Had peesled so foolishly,
Up her Virginitie,
And growne in misery,
after despised
Of him she held so deare,
Who had pluckt from her thers,
What she most damed needs
and highly pyied.

Lands that are morgagd
may oft be redeemed,
But Virgin-honour lost
never esteemed:
Where she the fairest One
Nature ere framed,
That matchlesse Jewell gone
and she defamed,
In scozne it will be said,
Where goes one was a Maid,
Yet hath the Whanton play'd,
oh, this doth grieve me,
Chiefely to thinke that he
Should so inconstant be,
Loving him faithfully,
thus to deceive me.

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Love without Lucke, Or The Maidens Misfortune

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In the sweet temperate Ayre
of a May Morning,
When Ver and Flora faire
had bene adorning
The lonely fields and Meades,
Valleyes and Mountaines,
Chering the bubbling Brooks
and streaming Fountaines:
When Younglings sport and play,
(Etia's Holyday)
As I walkt on the way
for recreation,
Where each Lad with his Lasse,
Heavily trip on the grasse,
As they the Meadows passe,
in lonely fashion.

Now Groves and Coples
loved Echoes are ringing,
The Parus, Robin, and
sorely Lark singing,
Phylamel chaunts her note
Jugg, Jugg, most sweetly,
And the faire Bird of May
Coo-koo discreetly,
Each Bird do chirp and sing,
To welcome in the Spring,
With charefull solacing,
and fragrant Flowers
All lovely to the eye,
Smelling most curiously,
In choise varieties
for Ladies Mewers.

Singling my selfe alone
for my contenting,
I heard a Beantious One
sadly lamenting,
Tears dotans her lonely cheekes
from eyes distilling,
Sighing; and curs the Time,
ere she so willing
Had peesled so foolishly,
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The second part. To the same tune.



VVith that againe she wept,
Her griefes renewing;
Whereon to her I kept,
her feature viewing,
Thinking some Angell bright
in shape of woman,
Do da:iled had my sight;
for I thinke no man
Ere yet beheld with eye
One more immortally,
(For wit and modestie,
grace, Art, and feature)
Deckt with depoyments faire,
And Beauties passing rare.
Thus I began. Oh faire
Diuine creature,

Tell me, where liues the Man
could be so cruell,
He right thee if I can
for thy lost Jewell,
And force him marry thee
if thou desire it,
That hee so false could bee,
I doe admire it.
Then with teares in her eyes,
Sourfully she replies,
He's for some golden price,
rashly is ventred:
Else eze the Deas is gone,
With Marquette Hambleton,
And like a perjured one,
left me discompted.

But since the time that he,
the Deas has taken;
My friends despyghtfully,
haue me forsaken:
Father, and Mother, All
Brothers and Sisters,
Letted Scramper doe me call;
and as Detesters
They loth my company;
I dare not come thern nio,
But may curse till I die,
all false Protestors.
That take their wits to haue,
And yet poze maids deceiue,
Thou doe no credit giue
vnto such Iesters.

So marriage yet at home,
would I accept on;
Till at length ouer come,
by this young Captaine,
Who had bold's earnestly
he would me marry
And his faire promises
made me miscarry,
For fearing of none ill
I peried to his will,
Sorrow my heart has kill,
being dishonored.
Let this my warning be,
To all a warning be,
To keepe their chastes
pure and undefiled.